

# THE TRIBUNE.

Published by  
THE TRIBUNE PRINTING CO.  
MONTGOMERY, MISSOURI.

## MUGGINS' SCOOP.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

Muggins came to the Times office in response to a line "ad." stating that a boy was wanted for general work, which included a great many things. Muggins' remark, when he was told of the multiplicity of his duties, struck me as being so sensible that I engaged him on the spot.

"I'm hiring out my time to you, sir," he said, "and I don't care what I do so long as you want me to use my time in that way."

Acting on this principle Muggins would do anything he was told to do, from the making of a pot of paste to the sweeping out of the whole office. Muggins came from nobody knew where. He had small, wizened features and eyes like a ferret. He never looked very tidy, for he was as likely as not to go down into the engine room of the Times office and tumble into a pile of waste and sleep there, instead of going to his own home and his own bed, although I do not know that he had either.

Some one had called out: "Hello, Muggins," on his first appearance in the Times office, and he was Muggins to us from that time forth, although his name may have been Jones or Montague. If he objected to the nickname he never said so. Slawson, foreman of the composing room, was right when he said:

"If you want to see Muggins' dander rise just abuse that dog of his a little."

This dog was an ill-favored mongrel—a bow-legged, bob-tailed, one-eared little cur of no color in particular. The dog was always about two feet from the heels of Muggins. The distance was never lengthened or lessened. When Muggins stopped the dog came to a standstill, and he started up with clock-like precision the instant Muggins moved on. The name of the dog was Pips.

One day Slawson kicked the dog, and Muggins jerked off his shabby little jacket, threw his cap on to the floor, pulled his dirty shirt-sleeves up over his thin, bony arms, and screeched out in his shrill, piping voice:

"Touch that dog again, if you dare, Jim Slawson! You do it, and you'll answer for it to me!"

Slawson was a giant in stature and strength. He stared at Muggins for a moment, then he roared with laughter, and said: "Good for you, Muggins! That's the talk! Don't you let any one run over you or Pips, either! If I do it again you just sail in and give me the thrashing I deserve."

"I'll do it," said Muggins. "Pips don't bother anyone, and I won't see him abused."

"The men in the office laughed so loudly over this incident that Col. Bentley, editor and owner of the paper, came up from his private office below.

"What's the matter up here?" he asked.

"It's along of Muggins, sir," said Slawson, with a delighted chuckle. "He and Pips threatens to clean out the office."

"Who is Muggins?"

"Why, colonel, is it possible that you have not yet made the acquaintance of the latest addition to the editorial and general roost-about department of the office? Allow me to present Muggins to you, and this is Pips."

"Glad to know you, Muggins," said Mr. Bentley. "You keep them straight up here, and put Slawson out if he goes too far."

The editorial and composing rooms of the Times office were on the same floor, a rough board partition separating one department from the other. The door in this partition was now closed, and the printers went back to their work while I, then city editor, began my regular night's work. The Times

was a morning paper, and we worked until three or four o'clock in the morning. I had just opened my desk when Tom Riley, one of our best reporters, came in.

"I've not been able to get hold of anything new regarding that Lyster matter," he said. "It is the general impression that Lyster has left the country."

"Don't give it up," I replied. "You may be mistaken, and if the Herald across the way should scoop us in this matter Col. Bentley would never forgive us."

Mr. Winthrop Forsythe Lyster was a defaulter. He had held offices of public trust and was president of a bank. His dishonesty had caused many poor people to lose their all. He had lived in the most extravagant manner on money that did not belong to him. Excitement ran high. Large rewards were offered for his apprehension. The reporters on both the Times and the Herald were at their wits' end for news of the defaulter. The Herald had that moment published an item of trifling interest that we did not have, and Col. Bentley had written me a sharp note about it.

"There isn't a single new thing to write about the case," Riley said to me. "Every scrap of real information has been padded out and published over and over again, and yet I suppose that the public and Col. Bentley will expect to find columns about it in the Times to-morrow. Wouldn't I like to find that man, Lyster?"

"It would be a great thing for the Times," I said. "And Col. Bentley would show his appreciation in a handsome way."

Riley went on his way, and I began the drudgery of looking over and editing the pile of reporters' copy on my desk. It was Muggins' work to bring the copy of the telegraphic press report from the telegraph office four blocks distant. He made a trip to that office every half hour. If there was nothing else to do between times, he and Pips would curl up on a pile of exchanges in a corner and take a brief nap. They looked forlorn enough lying there at three in the morning. Muggins roused himself when the telegraph editor called out from his desk:

"Here you, Muggins, hustle over to the office and get the rest of that report. Guess you'll get it all this time. Hope so, anyhow."

Muggins and Pips went slowly down the stairs. When they came back Riley was with them. "It's no use," said Riley. "Can't scare up a new thing about Lyster."

"This is the last of the telegraph copy, sir," said Muggins. "I'm going now, if you don't mind. I've a bu'stin' old headache."

"Go right along," I said. "Where do you live, anyhow, Muggins?"

"Oh, I hangs out most any place. Just now I got me a 'sweet' of one attic room and a cubby-hole over in Grabtown. Heard of that select subub, ain't you?"

"Why, that's three miles from here, boy."

"It ain't no less. But there's an all-night car as far as Forest avenue, and I can walk the rest of the way in 15 minutes."

Muggins went out with his usual polite "Good-night, sir," and Riley sat down at a table to "scratch off" something about the Lyster affair. An hour passed. Riley and I were alone in the office when Slawson came in for the last page of copy. Riley gave him all he had been able to write, and we were putting on our overcoats to go home when the door opened and Muggins and Pips came in. The great press in the basement below had just started up. A speaking-tube ran from the pressroom to the editorial room. Muggins did not speak to us, but went to the tube and whistled shrilly into the monthpiece:

"Well?" said the foreman, in response.

"You stop that press!" said Muggins. Then he turned to us and said, without manifesting any excitement: "I've seen Lyster."

"What!" shrieked Riley.

"I said I've seen that scamp of a Lyster, and I have."

"You don't mean it, boy?"

"Do you reckon I'd come traillin' way in from Grabtown and stop the Times press if I didn't mean it? I've seen Lyster. The policeman on this beat and a hack are at the door below. I've sent back four or five printers I met just leaving. Come on. No time to lose. We'll have to move lively to carry this scoop through before the Herald gets on."

We ran downstairs and jumped into the hack in which the policeman was seated.

"Go to Grabtown by way of Forest avenue and stop there by a big canning factory," said Muggins to the driver. "And you get us there as quick as you can."

When we had started Riley said: "Now, tell us all about it, boy. You're absolutely sure you have seen Lyster?"

"Sure. He is hiding in the house of an old Irish woman named Judy Whalen out in Grabtown. It is on the same street and just a little ways from where I have my own 'private apartment and bawth.' I am coming up in this world, living on the same street with Mr. Winthrop Forsythe Lyster."

"Go on and tell your story," said Riley. "It will save time and help me to put into shape what I want to write if it's really Lyster."

"Well, it was just this way," said Muggins. "I'd got almost home when I saw a man come out of the alley back of the Whalen house and hurry across the street to the letter box under the lamp-post and mail a letter. Then he scurried back across the street."

He had a little limp in his right leg, and as there's been columns in the papers about that limp of Lyster's I says to myself, says I: 'Mebbe that's Lyster,' and it was." "How do you know?"

"Followed 'im. I reckoned it was Lyster from the way Pips acted. Lyster kicked Pips once for no cause. Pips ain't forgot it nor have I. Pips growled and I had to snatch him up and hold him under my overcoat to keep him from growling more. Lyster went back into the alley, jumped over the fence and went into the Whalen house. There was a light in the little back room of the Whalen house. I sneaked up on tip-toe. The window shade hadn't been pulled down over the window by about a half-inch. I peeped under the shade, and there he was!"

"Lyster?"

"Forsure. You s'pose I'd clipped away back to the Times office if it had been anyone else?"

"What was Lyster doing?"

"He was sitting by a little table covered with papers, and he had a lot of money before him—money belonging to poor folks he'd robbed. I saw him gather up the money and the papers and put 'em into a valise. Oh, it was Lyster, all right."

It was Lyster. We left the carriage several blocks from the Whalen house and Muggins guided us to the place. The light was still burning in the little room. Riley and I crept up and saw Lyster as plainly as Muggins had seen him. He was sitting by the little table writing. A door was by the side of the window. The big policeman put his shoulder to the door and it yielded instantly. Lyster gave a little cry of alarm, but he offered no resistance. All that he said was:

"I hope you'll not be hard on old Judy Whalen for letting me stay here. She did it out of gratitude for kindness my dead wife showed Judy years ago. I'll go with you quietly. It is right that I should pay the penalty for what I have done."

All that Muggins said was: "It will be a great scoop for the Times."

It was. The Times was more than half an hour late that morning, and the presses had to run half the forenoon to supply the demand for papers. There was a picture of Muggins in the paper and the whole story was told in glowing terms. When Col. Bent-

ley came to the office that morning his first question was:

"Where is that Muggins boy?"

"He is asleep on a pile of rags down in the engine room," I said. "It will be the last time he will sleep there," said the colonel. "That boy has got to be looked after. He'll make a good newspaper man. I'll look after him myself."

Muggins was "looked after" and his old friends would not know him if they saw him to-day. He is a young man of great force of character and unusual ability. He is a credit to the journalism of our day. As for Pips, he "had his day," like other dogs, and was decently buried by Muggins, who never transferred his affections to any other dog.—Young People.

## THE POWER OF JOURNALISM

"Our Republic and Its Press Will Rise or Fall Together," Says a Famous Editor.

In the North American Review for May, Joseph Pulitzer, editor of the New York World, who has endowed a college of journalism at Columbia university, has an article justifying the school and defending it against criticisms that have been made. It is a cogent article, observes the Boston Herald, for Mr. Pulitzer is a skilled writer who knows how to set forth his thoughts clearly. He makes out a strong case in this instance. Unquestionably, such a school, well organized and well equipped with instructors, can do much for developing a native aptness for newspaper work. But the vindication of this specific endowment will appear in the men whom the school sends forth and the work they do. What especially interests us in Mr. Pulitzer's article is the great importance which he attaches to the newspapers of the country as the moulders of public sentiment and the conservators of national ideas. The office and responsibility of newspapers have not been more seriously set forth than in his words: "Our republic and its press will rise or fall together. An able, disinterested, public spirited press, with trained intelligence to know the right and courage to do it, can preserve that public virtue without which popular government is a sham and a mockery. A cynical, mercenary, demagogic press will produce in time a people as base as itself. The power to mould the future of the republic will be in the hands of journalists of future generations." For these reasons he urges his colleagues to aid the experiment which he has ventured to endow, feeling that its success depends upon their generous aid and cooperation. But is it not plain that the power of the press as a saving agency depends not so much on the skill of journalists as on their nobility of character and their moral motive? When we see so many accomplished public men, adepts in all the technical arts of politics, putting their power to un-patriotic and selfish uses, it seems to us that the salvation of the republic depends more on the instruction and quickening of conscience than on greater capacity for work. This is also the peculiar need of journalists, and especially of proprietors of journals, who, as a rule, will be capitalists, not trained in any school of journalism and having little of the spirit of heroic self-sacrifice in a missionary undertaking.

## Found in Sumatra.

The largest flower in the world is found in Sumatra. Its size is fully three feet in diameter—about the size of a carriage-wheel. The five petals of this immense flower are oval and creamy white, growing round a center filled with countless long, violet-hued stamens. The flower weighs about 15 pounds, and is capable of containing nearly two gallons of water. The buds are like gigantic brown cabbage heads.

## Spectacles in China.

Chinamen consider it impolite to wear spectacles in company.

## FRANCO-VATICAN TROUBLES

Exciting Scene in the French Chamber of Deputies.

Question Regarding the Separation of Church and State Goes Over Until Next January.

Paris, May 28.—After an exciting debate, in which Premier Combes and Foreign Minister Delcasse set forth the action and purposes of the government towards the vatican, the French chamber of deputies on Friday, by a vote of 427 to 95, approved the course of the government in recalling M. Nisard, ambassador to the vatican, and rejected all proposals of the extreme element for an immediate dissolution of the relations between church and state.

A resolution proposed by M. Ferrette, republican nationalist, inviting the government to negotiate with Pope Pius for a separation of church and state was defeated, 507 to 15.

A motion by M. Allard, socialist, to break off at once all relations with the vatican and to denounce immediately the concordat, was defeated, 535 to 146.

Premier Combes took the initiative in resisting all efforts to force the government to extreme action, and his request that all questions regarding the separation of church and state go over until next January has the effect of postponing separation beyond the present session of parliament.

M. Ribot, minority leader, was among those voting in support of the government.

The debate attracted unusual attention, and great crowds were present, including Ambassador Porter and other members of the diplomatic corps.

## ECHO OF THE IROQUOIS FIRE

John Mahonen Convicted of Fraudulently Identifying the Body of a Dead Victim.

Chicago, May 28.—Choking and gasping, and with eyes rolling with terror, John Mahonen, accused of fraudulently identifying the body of Mrs. Frank R. Greenwald, an Iroquois fire victim, in order to steal her money, suddenly jumped to his feet in Judge Clifford's court room Friday, and pointed frantically at an imaginary spectre which he thought stood confronting him. While the spectators looked on in terror the man frothed at the lips and waved his arms wildly in the air. He was overpowered and thrown to the floor, where it took half a dozen police officers to hold him. Paroxysm after paroxysm shook him, and he had to be manacled and taken into an ante-room. When quiet was finally restored, Mahonen's lawyer decided to let the case go to the jury without argument. Almost immediately the 12 men filed back and the foreman announced the verdict "Guilty." If the insanity was feigned, it failed to move the jury. The technical charge against Mahonen was perjury, and it was proved that he had taken the body of Mrs. Greenwald from a morgue and had it buried as his aunt. His motive was to gain possession of the \$400 found on the body.

## FATALITIES FROM FLOODS

Three Persons and Thousands of Head of Stock Were Drowned in Iowa.

Sioux City, May 28.—District Superintendent Bignell of the Burlington has returned from the flooded regions in Greely and Nance counties, and said that thousands of head of stock were drowned and three persons were drowned or struck by lightning. Trains were tied up from washed out tracks, and some of the smaller towns have been without mail since Tuesday. Twelve inches of rain fell, overflowing every creek and small stream in the two counties.

The known fatalities are: John Polard, drowned. Edward Bannender, drowned. William Ray, killed by lightning.

For three days the town of Greely was without mail, telegraph or telephone communication.

## REQUISITION FOR DENISON

Omaha Man Must Stand Trial for Alleged Complicity in a Diamond Robbery.

Des Moines, Ia., May 28.—Gov. Cummins issued a requisition on the governor of Nebraska for Thomas Denison, of Omaha, who was recently indicted at Logan, Ia., for alleged complicity in the Pollock diamond robbery. The requisition was issued on an affidavit made by Frank Shercliffe, who is serving a term at the Fort Madison penitentiary for robbing Pollock, a traveling salesman, of \$17,000 worth of diamonds, who implicated Denison. Attorneys for Denison strongly resisted the granting of the requisition, and say they will also ask Gov. Mickey of Nebraska to refuse to issue extradition papers.